The COMMONWEAL

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What Is Our Plan for Peace?

UNITY in prosecution of the war and general agreement between the United States, Britain and Russia on the outlines of the peace appeared to be the welcome results of the Teheran parley several weeks ago. Very little news that was specific reached the American public; the actual meeting and apparent agreement on war and peace plans were what counted. In the interval the average citizen has learned nothing more of what actually transpired, although official and non-official Washington has heard a lot. The true picture is far from crystal clear. But from what good observers agree on there is a prospect which admits of only two interpretations.

One of the principal means of enforcing peace is apparently the manning of strategic bases around the globe, in each case by either American, British, Russian or, occasionally, Chinese forces. The idea is that so long as they are maintained at sufficient strength, it will not be possible for the disarmed aggressors to make headway against these forces. There is a strong argument for such a procedure, if it is viewed as a purely "security" measure, to continue during the "cooling-off period" before final settlements are reached. This is what may have been decided at Teheran.

The other view is that the three powers went much farther at this conference and decided that the only way to ensure permanent peace was to divide the world into spheres of influence with the strategic bases as permanent armed stations for preserving the new arrangement. We do not pretend to know. But, beyond the fact that such is a widespread conviction among many well-informed persons of every political background, there are a number of hints in this direction.

One of these signs is the way the three—and occasionally four—Powers continue to decide things by themselves. Officials in the British Dominions are restive not only because they were not consulted in these matters, but because even today they remain uninformed about them. The French feel that they have had no share in these plans, and so do other allies. Here again the situation might be that the three Powers intend merely to take the initiative and gradually open to others increasing participation in the responsibilities of the postwar world. We do not know.

Russia's recent actions have been particularly baffling. Ever since the United States, on the occasion of Molotov's Washington visit, failed to take what seemed to be a real opportunity to obtain guarantees of a certain amount of autonomy for such territories as the Baltic States, it has become increasingly clear that Russia views the question of her western boundaries as strictly her own affair. This would fit in with the general pattern of spheres of influence, as would the pact with Benes and the interest Moscow manifests in the coming political régimes of Greece, Yugoslavia, Poland and Rumania. But the Cairo rumor as to separate British peace negotiations published in *Pravda* is peculiarly mystifying. Along with the recent *Pravda* flare-up over a Willkie article, it may be intended simply as a reminder to Britain and the United States that Russia considers the Polish border and the fate of the Baltic countries her private concern. What it may have to do with the Polish régime in Moscow, headed by the husband of a Russian Commissar, or the efforts of the Polish officials exiled in England are matters for conjecture. In any case Secretary Hull's efforts to reopen Polish-Russian diplomatic relations are all to the good.

Power politics are essential to the winning of this war, and order must be maintained thereby directly afterward. But in Europe, at least, the American theory has been that liberation meant the ousting of the Germans and the maintenance of order until the liberated nation itself could set up its own government. Does this square with the division of the world into spheres of influence?

The American people have no reason to demand that they be informed of the military decisions taken at Teheran, Cairo or elsewhere. They would like to know something more definite, how-

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ever, about the peace that they are fighting for. The President could immeasurably strengthen his hand for the consultations that are to come, if he were to ask the people to back him in demanding the specific measures that will lead to lasting peace. To do this the public must be adequately informed as to the Allied peace program.

"Creative Marxism"

THE recent political hara-kiri of the American Communist Party is hailed in the *New Masses* as "an example of creative Marxism and constructive Americanism without parallel in any other political organization." For once the *New Masses* does not exaggerate. It is "without parallel."

Mr. Browder has informed us that "Marxists will not help the reactionaries by opposing the slogan of 'free enterprise' with any form of counter slogan. . . . We frankly declare that we are ready to cooperate in making this capitalism work effectively in the post-war period." To those who have had no personal experience of the communist mind, all this must seem completely puzzling if not disingenuous. And the devil of it is that the communists can come back with what—to them at least—is a perfectly good answer. They can say that they are holding to orthodox marxism, since Marx said that the achievement of socialism was bound to come, just as a tree is bound to yield its fruit, and hence an explicit doctrine of violent revolution is not strictly necessary. What a happy position to be in! You indoctrinate people with so fluid an ideology—so "creative" a marxism—that you can act entirely in accordance with expediency while still seeming to be a man of unshakable principle. Of course, what you are really doing is to transfer your principle into a dream-world the achievement of which can be postponed forever, but the existence of which is a constant comfort and a constant recompense for all the dirty things you have to do in the real world.

What does this latest somersault really mean, in cold, practical terms? It would seem to mean several things. It is first of all an admission that the American Communist Party, far from being an asset to Moscow, was a distinct liability. The existence of that party in the United States was a constant source of irritation to other Americans and hence did nothing to promote friendly feelings toward Russia. One can therefore surmise that Stalin has decided he wants to get along with the United States and has come to the conclusion that he can get along better with us on a "free enterprise" basis than otherwise. Meanwhile American communists will devote themselves to the political education of the American masses, in the hope that a really respectable communist party may some day emerge.

In Mr. Browder's speech we find an outright statement of support for democratic government all over the world. "A broad, all-inclusive democratic camp must be established in each country, within which all relations are determined and problems settled by free discussion, free political association, and universal suffrage. Such a democratic camp of necessity must include the Communists." From this comes a second conclusion. In any country where the communists are not in power, the only kind of régime at all favorable to their growth is a democratic régime. Precisely the same can be said of any group believing in statism. Only in an atmosphere of freedom can the enemies of freedom flourish—unless they are themselves in power.

There is, however, another, more hopeful interpretation to be put upon this development. Certainly Russia herself has been moving further and further away from the practice of any sort of strict marxism. More and more her policy is becoming undistinguishable from that which she followed under the czars. Is it not possible that Stalin is considering shedding his ideological skin in order to become an outright Russian nationalist, merely using ideological sympathizers in other countries to further the national interests of Russia, and for no other purpose whatever? Should this happen, the communist movement, as such, would be bound eventually to dry up, for although you can keep utter fanatics satisfied with a dream-world indefinitely postponed, it is almost impossible to win new recruits to so watered-down a goal; and the task of really working for the reform and betterment of our social order would then lie in other—probably better—hands, freed at last of the dead weight with which the mere existence of old-style Communist Parties has shackled them.

Salvemini and La Piana

SOME WEEKS ago we published a criticism by Don Luigi Sturzo of a book recently published by Messrs. Salvemini and La Piana. These gentlemen hate fascism. They believe that the Church, in the persons of its officials, has been a moral ally of fascism, and hence they assimilate the Church to fascism. And since all the antagonism of which they are capable is centered on fascism, their attitude toward the Church is strongly antagonistic.

They have felt it incumbent upon them to write a detailed reply to Don Sturzo, and they have submitted it to us for publication. Needless to say, their general attitude toward the Church, their bent of mind is totally unacceptable to us. But to have refused them space in which to defend themselves would have been to act precisely in the way for which Catholics are often criticized. We hope in a future issue to publish a brief reply from Don Sturzo.

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In Italy Now

IT WAS only a little while ago that people thought that Italy could walk out on the war. They thought that a country could be at peace at a given moment of time and then be at war and then, after defeat, be at peace again. Nothing more was needed than a declaration of a state of war, a declaration of a state of peace. Of course some said that in the case of Italy a revolution also would be necessary. Well, Italy went through all the forms; Italy begged for an armistice and was granted an armistice; the Italian fascist government broke into pieces and the Badoglio government put Mussolini in jail. So you had a declaration of a state of peace and you had a revolution—not much of a revolution but still, the fascists were out—and when all the forms had been gone through, the unhappy Italian people found that they were not out of the war.

No one had forgotten the fact that the Germans were in Italy. It was only that the Germans were supposed to be uncertain as to whether they would choose to fight in the valley of the Po or prefer to make their stand in the mountains on the frontier of Austria and back of Trieste.

The debate in those days was all about a new *risorgimento;* all sorts of people outside Italy were afraid that their advice to the Italian people would not get to Italy in time; they were afraid that the *risorgimento* would not be just the kind they wanted; many Italian anti-fascists feared that the Allied occupying forces would prevent the Italians from accomplishing what they—the anti-fascists in New York—thought the Italian people should accomplish. So that a great many plans were made for the Italian reconstruction of democracy, just as a great many plans are being made for the reconstruction of all Europe in freedom and democracy. The difference was that these plans for Italy were to be carried out immediately, because Italy had been defeated in the war, the fascist government had fallen, there was a void to fill.

It was only a little while ago that there were these hopes, these plans. There seemed such an immense necessity for settling these plans at once; these hopes seemed so close. For France, one knew that one would have to wait, but Italy, Italy would be the first European nation to enter the new world, Italy would be on the outside of the German world, freed from that deception and constraint, with our help, but of its own will, advancing together with us into a new and free world.

That was not so long ago. Our hopes are not dead; they no longer are immediate. The German army stands between our hope and the hope of the Italian people.

We are back where we were before the defeat of Italy, before the armistice with Italy, before the Italian King and Badoglio were wandering about Southern Italy behind the Allied lines. We are looking at Italy from the outside.

The spectacle is the appalling one we have had so long to contemplate: that of a country occupied by the Germans. The misery of the Italian people is not as great as the misery of the Polish people; the shame of the Italian people is something the Polish people do not have to bear. Perhaps, when misery is great enough, shame shouldered by misery does not weight so heavily. But it weighs something. It must make a difference to Italians when they think that their country is not like France, not like Belgium or Poland or Czechoslovakia; that it has not been occupied after resisting in the measure of the possible or the heroic, that, instead, it is occupied because the Germans were invited to enter it. It must make a difference to Italians to see that, now they have changed their minds about the Germans, there are Italians who have not changed their minds about the Germans. It must be very horrible for Italians to see that what is left of fascism—Farinacci and the murderers—is what was always the core of fascism.

The Italians had allowed themselves to think that fascism had certain qualities and certain defects: that it was a government like another government; that there were certain advantages in being governed by fascism and certain disadvantages in being governed by any government, and therefore that it was not very important to do anything to overthrow the fascist government. They were happy when things went well; unhappy when things went badly. They just stood there and waited until they were taken away into war and into defeat. The defeat broke the fascist government, and part of the personnel of that system was quietly reabsorbed into the common misery of the Italian nation. The head of that system, the man who for so long had managed to control the forces which gave strength to the system, overnight became powerless to control any forces at all—perhaps not even the terrifying forces of remorse. But that which from the first terrorist days of fascism, from the first brutal *squadristi* days of fascism, had been the ultimate recourse to which the system turned in days of danger did not disappear.

The Italian people look now at Farinacci and at the German firing squads. The Germans are there because the fascist government invited them into Italy. But the fascist government was able to do this only because the Italian people did not destroy it. They thought it was just a government. And now Farinacci is there and the Italian people see, too late, what that "government" concealed.

C. G. PAULDING.

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Christian Democracy in Italy

Twenty-five years after the founding of the popular party.

Luigi Sturzo

ONE WEEK after the armistice following the first World War, I was called to Milan to speak on the position of Catholics in the post-war period (November 17, 1918). The hall of the Society for Culture was most crowded; among those present was the Cardinal, Archbishop Ferrari, whose guest I was. I spoke of the problems of moral, political and economic reconstruction for the country according to the ideals of Christian democracy, and I alluded to the Roman Question then already mature.

Enthusiasm was at a peak: the newspapers engaged in a lively discussion over a political party to be formed by Catholic democrats; opinions were divided.

Cardinal Ferrari asked me whether, before my talk, I had come to any understanding with the Vatican. I answered, no: I had expressed only some of my personal ideas; I did not consider myself entitled to speak for the Vatican. He then made the observation that, since the *non expedit* was in force, prohibiting Italian Catholics from the full exercise of their political rights, it was necessary to obtain its withdrawal. And he concluded: "Go to Cardinal Gasparri [then the Secretary of State], expound to him what you have said here; go quickly and speak clearly."

★

Up to that time I had seen Cardinal Gasparri only two or three times, on official visits when I was Secretary General of Catholic Action; never in private audiences. I decided to ask Count Carl Santucci to accompany me; he was a consistorial attorney and a great friend of Gasparri. On that occasion the Cardinal was more reserved than even Santucci had foreseen; finally, he promised to speak of it to the Pope, giving me an appointment within two or three weeks.

I was compelled to return to Sicily for urgent business involving my duties as Mayor of Caltagirone; I returned to Rome a little before Christmas when, immediately, I had an audience with Gasparri. At that audience I could feel my heart pounding with excitement.

★

That evening I was put through a real cross-examination, and, during some moments of it, I thought the case was lost. I had already said in my first conversation in November that it was not my idea to form a *Catholic* party, that is, one founded on a religious basis, but an independent democratic party founded by Catholics.

He repeated to me several times: You will never speak in the name of the Church, nor in the name of Catholic Action (the disengagement of Catholic Action from contemporary politics was at the time emphasized by Pope Benedict XV himself in two separate talks). It was exactly what I wanted. Then he added: "What policy will you follow? Sonnino's policy?" The Cardinal was furious against Sonnino, not only because of Article 5 of the London Pact, which forbade any intervention on the part of the Pope in the peace, but also because of Italy's foreign policy at that time. I replied that personally I was opposed to Sonnino, but that I was waiting for the answer of the Congress before fixing a line of policy.

Point-blank the Cardinal asked me what I would do if the Congress should decide to collaborate with the chief Socialists, Turati and Treves. I answered frankly: "I am prepared to collaborate even with them; I should not be afraid." It seemed to me that the case was lost; instead, the Cardinal said, half laughingly, half sarcastically: "At any rate, better Turati than Sonnino; go ahead and do what the Congress will tell you to do, but remember that the responsibility is yours. The Church and Catholic Action will never be implicated in the policies of the party. If you make a mistake, the blame will fall on you."

The tone was brusque, and I did not know whether he wished to encourage or discourage me. That was the Cardinal's style: rude and benevolent; but only those accustomed to him understood the benevolent part of him.

★

The rule is that Cardinals dismiss their visitors; the Cardinal stood up, extending his ring for me to kiss; there was lacking, however, the assurance of a withdrawal of the *non expedit*. I insisted on this point, holding the Cardinal at bay. "Think no more about it," he said to me, "the Holy Father will provide, when and how he will think best." Was it a blank check? Actually, the *non expedit* was withdrawn only eleven months after

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this audience, in November, 1919; it was a long wait, but throughout I kept remembering the Secretary of State's word.

The founders of the new party had their first meeting in Rome during the beginning of January. We were forty, all Christian democrats from various regions of Italy, except five from the conservative Right. I thought it opportune to invite them, thinking that if they adhered to the Christian democratic program as formulated by me it would be a real step towards the conciliation of the two wings of Italian Catholics who for thirty years had been divided on the idea of democracy.

Even the title given to the Party ("Popular") was a concession made toward pacification, although "People and Liberty" (the Party's motto) recalled Savonarola's democracy.

The new fact in European political annals was that the Popular Party gained at once so much sympathy among the working and peasant masses, in the ranks of intellectuals, and among the middle and small bourgeoisie, that in the eleventh month of its life, in the general political elections of November, 1919, it won at one swoop 99 seats (out of 508) in the elective Chamber; and in the elections of 1921 (in spite of the hostility of the Liberals who sided with the Fascists), it gained a fifth of all the seats: 107 out of 535.

★

The Liberals—divided in the first period into an historical Right and Left and afterwards into various factions of Liberal democrats and democratic Liberals—had governed Italy from the Risorgimento to 1919. From that time on, it was impossible for them to govern alone (since the Socialists united with the Communists had 155 seats), and they had to ask support from the Popular Center. Giolitti attempted through the elections of 1921, by supporting the Fascists, to modify the makeup of Parliament to the advantage of the Liberals, but he did not succeed, in spite of all his efforts as an old, seasoned maneuverer. Indeed, he had the misfortune of causing 35 Fascists to come into the Chamber, thus giving political reenforcement to their violent deeds on the street.

If, as was the plan of the present writer, the Reformist Socialists (who in 1921 had detached themselves from the Communists) had participated in a coalition government, fascism might, indeed, have disturbed the life of the country and provoked local conflicts (to the point of self-exhaustion) but it would never have been able to seize power by means of force.

The past does not return. Fascism won the game in October, 1922, because it was supported by the capitalistic bourgeoisie, by the military leaders and by the king. The Socialist and Popular Parties were dissolved in November, 1926, after four years of struggle on the parliamentary and extra-parliamentary terrain.

The social reforms promoted by our party—agrarian, education, and labor union—were very soon dissipated; the foreign policy of European conciliation and support of the League of Nations advocated by the Popular Party was changed for the policy of narrow and extreme nationalism. The leaders of the opposition to fascism were either exiled, imprisoned or sent to the *confino* (banishment to one of the small islands of the Tyrrhenian Sea, or to some mountain village). The names of Matteotti (Socialist), Don Minzoni (Popular) and Amendola (Liberal Democrat) stand at the head of the list of political victims sacrificed in the name of the totalitarian fascist state.

★

From November, 1926, to July, 1943, the Populars, like the other parties of the masses, remained in the majority spiritually faithful to their ideals, but inactive from the political point of view, since merely having the idea of wanting to reconstitute the party or any hint of such an idea, sufficed to make the culprit liable to prison for many years, or to being sent to the *confino*—not to mention other abuses of power and personal violences.

I do not give the names of those who today are still in zones occupied by Germans and Fascists; but I like to recall, among others, two of the Popular Party leaders who died in exile in Paris: Giuseppe Donati, editor-in-chief of the daily paper of the Party, *Il Popolo* (*The People*); and Francesco Luigi Ferrari, member of the National Council and editor of the international review, *Res Publica,* of Brussels.

★

That the Populars were feared by the Fascists, even after the party had been dissolved, is not an invention of the present writer. We have for it the high testimony of Pius XI himself in his encyclical *Non Abbiamo Bisogno* of June 29, 1931. At that time the conflict between fascism and Catholic Action was acute; all the Catholic clubs had been closed and the registers sequestered by the Government, under the accusation that Catholic Action was the den of the Populars. The Pope replied that out of 220 diocesan committees, 4,000 sections and about 5,000 youth clubs of Catholic Action, only four leaders had been chiefs of the Popular Party. When I read this part of the encyclical, I was disturbed by it. It seemed to me then that the Pope was tolerating a political discrimination intolerable in the ranks of Catholic Action at the very time when there was no one afraid to admit Fascists, as leaders, to the very same ranks. Now I am happy to remember that

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part of the encyclical, since it proved unmistakably that the Populars were alive and feared in 1931.

When truce was made between the Fascist Party and Catholic Action, the suspicions of *popularism* and *Don Sturzism* (a fascist nickname) continued to such a point that when the Pope in 1938 founded an International Center of Catholic Action, entrusting it to Cardinal Pizzardo, the Fascist newspapers started a campaign denouncing Pizzardo as favoring the Populars (which was not exactly true) and recalling a speech of his unfavorable to fascism. At that time threats were made of drawing up proscription lists of all the members of Catholic Action who might in any way be tinted with popularism in order to expel them from the Party and Fascist organizations. This would have meant hunger and misery for many, the loss of position and work. So that in 1938, too, an understanding was arrived at—an understanding that soon was to collapse because of the attitude of the Catholic press (which was accused of popularism) against the anti-Semitic laws.

★

What a surprise for many in Europe and America when they heard that, as soon as fascism had fallen, one of the political groups that emerged in the lively manifestations of the end of July and the first days of August, 1943, was that very group called Christian democratic! So it was, too, in Turin, Milan, Genoa, Cremona and Florence; while in Rome (where the Badoglio Government was more severe against political manifestations and affirmations) there was formed a "group of Christian Social Studies"! In Naples, after the liberation from the Germans, the Christian democrats form a part of the Committe for Liberation headed by the ex-Minister of War and, later, of Justice, Giulio Rodinó, one of the best beloved of the Popular Party. Their newspaper is called *Il Risveglio* (*The Awakening*).

Badoglio, when he named the leaders of the labor syndicates, chose two Populars, one of whom was the head of the Christian Confederation of Laborers (which, before fascism, counted one million two hundred thousand members). In Naples, immediately after the AMG had consented to the liberty of the unions, the Christian democrats were on the job, likewise in Bari.

The appeal of the Christian democrats of Sicily last November (reported in the *Evening Star* of Washington) was an important act in the politics of the island, inducing calm and trust in the Allies among the population. Now the chief of Christian democrats of Palermo, too, Bernardo Mattazella, is one of the municipal body, appointed by Colonel Poletti of the AMG.

The press mentions that in the resistance movement of that part of Italy occupied by the Germans there are Catholics and priests, sometimes called "liberal" Catholics (an inexact term), sometimes "Populars," sometimes "Democrats." They are in the resistance line against Germans and Fascists. How many victims we will have, God alone knows. But this is the hour for sacrifices.

It seems that the name "Popular Party," has disappeared spontaneously, and that the original name, *"Christian democracy,"* which was the ideal of our youthful years in the period of Leo XIII, has come back into use. The program promulgated then (in 1900) with the bold motto, *"Noi Vogliamo!"* (*"We Will!"*) repeated ten times, has been preserved intact, fertilized by desire. *Democracy,* that is a government of the people, excluding the government of one class or one party or one clique; *Christian,* which affirms the moral values and Christian principles on which to base every sane national and international policy.

George N. Shuster wrote in THE COMMONWEAL (December 24, 1943): "We can have a Christian Democracy in Italy if these things [justice for Italy and no spoliation] are done. And if there is a Christian democracy in Italy, there will be Christian democracy in Europe." My friends in Italy are conscious of their responsibility and their duty. Twenty-five years after the founding of the Popular Party, and forty-four years after their first program, they now restore faith in Christian democracy for all Europe.

The Wasted Day

Today I pay
tribute to God
and act as if
Eternity

were made and laid
here for my feasting.
Today—a crumb
so small its fall's

not missed, though tossed
by me away.
God's board is spread
to last. Repast

sublime, in time
not ending.
Foolish indeed
is thrift with gift

so wide. I bide
my time and eat
or not. So praise
I him, and time, his whim.

JESSAMYN WEST.

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Don Sturzo, the Vatican, Fascism

A reply by the authors of "What to Do with Italy"

Gaetano Salvemini and George La Piana

IN HIS ARTICLE, "The Vatican and Fascism, as Seen by Salvemini and La Piana" (THE COMMONWEAL, December 17, 1943), Don Sturzo raised so many questions concerning our book, "What to Do with Italy," that we cannot expect THE COMMONWEAL to grant us space to discuss them one by one. We shall take up only the main issue, Don Sturzo's criticism of our opinions on the policy of Pius XI toward the fascist régime. First of all, however, there is a personal question which cannot be passed in silence. The Catholic papers and periodicals in the United States which have mentioned our book, only to heap vituperation on our heads, have described Salvemini as an old, rabid, fanatic anti-clerical who eats a priest at breakfast and a bishop at dinner. Don Sturzo, on the contrary, told his readers that Salvemini praised Benedict XV in the post-war period, had been sympathetic towards Don Sturzo's party, had been for more than twenty years on terms of friendship with him, but that he had become anti-clerical by the end of 1940, in America, because he (Salvemini paraphrased by Sturzo) "had found a majority of Catholics and clergy favorable to fascism which he hated." That is putting it mildly. Don Sturzo might have said that Salvemini became anti-clerical because he found that all the Italian Catholic priests in this country, except one or two, were carriers of fascist propaganda; because too many American bishops and cardinals had gone crazy about Mussolini; because Catholic organizations here were supporting the isolationist campaign, while Hitler and Mussolini were threatening to suffocate the whole world; and because the methods of Catholic propaganda were too unfair to be stomached by any honest man. Never does anti-clericalism spring up like a mushroom without any reason. It is always the counterpart of clericalism.

Don Sturzo, unfolding another page of Salvemini's life, told the readers of THE COMMONWEAL that the latter in Italy had battled Giolitti, had battled the Socialists, had battled Austria and the Italian isolationists, and that fascism had been for twenty years the objective of his battles. As a consequence Salvemini "may be defined a paladin in search of duels." Don Sturzo also battled Giolitti, battled the Socialists, favored Italy's intervention in the war of 1914-18 and battled the isolationists. Fascism was also for twenty years the objective of his battles. Therefore Don Sturzo too "may be defined a paladin in search of battles." Had they been of that stock from which bishops are made, who, according to the Catholic Dr. Binchy, "are chosen for their prudence and not for their courage," Don Sturzo would have become a cardinal of the Church and Salvemini at least a member of Mussolini's Academy. Anyhow, what mattered in connection with the question of the "Vatican and Fascism" was not whether Salvemini was an anti-clerical or Don Sturzo a clerical. The question to be threshed out was whether in their book Salvemini and La Piana had built up correct interpretations upon correctly ascertained facts.

★

Don Sturzo states that our book is at fault in the "examination of sources"; that we should not have based our opinions on newspaper reports. For instance the *Osservatore Romano* once gave a doctored edition of a discourse of Pius XI which might have displeased Mussolini, and the Pope scolded the editor for such misrepresentation. Does this mean that, according to Don Sturzo, we should ignore all Pius XI's pronouncements as given in the *Osservatore Romano?* And why did Pius XI not oblige the editor to atone by publishing the genuine text of his speech? By letting him get away with a simple scolding, the Pope assumed responsibility for the text of his speech as published by the Vatican organ. Don Sturzo may be sure that we never have and never shall uphold the absolute reliability of newspapers. Does he think, for instance, that we have accepted as true the story published by the Washington *Star* (December 18, 1943) in a dispatch from Sicily, according to which Don Sturzo, nay "Don Storza," a man in his late seventies . . . "has constantly traveled over the United States and Canada addressing large Italian audiences. . . . Followers have made special arrangements for him to travel by Pullman car in which he sleeps in day time. . . . To him is due no small part of the credit for the relatively slight progress of Fascist sentiment among the Italian speaking people of the United States"?

Yet one must not throw in the waste basket

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everything that is published by newspapers. The problem of whether a newspaper account is reliable is to be solved case by case and on the merit of each case. This is precisely what we did in our book. Don Sturzo has not substantiated his indictment by any evidence and has not told us what newspaper accounts we should not have used.

According to Don Sturzo our historical evaluation is again at fault owing to lack of "psychological appraisal." Historians should "study the psychology of the man with whom they are dealing." We "spared" Don Sturzo because we have always known him to have been "consistently anti-fascist in word and deed." Had we had a "personal acquaintance with Pius XI, we would have been more moderate and more just." To be sure a personal acquaintance with Pius XI would have been valuable to us. But if history had to be written only by those who had had a personal acquaintance with its actors, there would be little history. Before forming his opinion on Mussolini and Hitler, was Don Sturzo ever a boon companion of theirs? The psychology of a man is revealed by his actions. Even had we never known Don Sturzo personally, we should never have had any reason to question his anti-fascism. *Vice versa,* reasons for accusing the Vatican and many bishops of pro-fascist activities are far from lacking. Does this difference exist or not?

According to Don Sturzo, Pius XI's intentions in dealing with fascism were also good. We have no ground to dispute such an opinion. Good intentions may be invoked to excuse a man from moral guilt before his conscience and before God, but do not absolve him from incurring the responsibility for his actions and for the effects of his actions. In our book we were concerned with facts, their effects and the responsibility deriving from such facts and effects. In a passage which Don Sturzo has ignored, though it is of capital importance in this connection, we stated: "Whether the Pope's intentions were religious and spiritual, whether he was justified in making such a deal [with fascism] and whether he was right or wrong in choosing the moment he did to settle the Roman Question, these are all considerations which in no way alter the fact that the Vatican by its political action bestowed its blessing on the fascist régime, increased Mussolini's prestige and contributed greatly to the strengthening of fascism both in Italy and abroad."

Up to very recently Don Sturzo shared our opinion that Pius XI had made "a mistake" in dealing with the fascist régime at the time of the Lateran agreements (*Revue of Politics,* October, 1943 and *America,* November 6, 1943). But now he declares he has changed his mind. The reasons he gives for this sudden conversion are: (1) that the Roman Question was ripe in 1919-20 and that Pius wanted to solve it at all cost; (2) that Pius hoped to influence Mussolini and his crew to form a normal civil government; (3) that had he refused to come to terms with Mussolini, this would have been a hostile act foreboding evil for the Church, an act which "others might have done but which Pius could not"; (4) that "it was the epoch of appeasement not only political, but religious too."

That the Roman Question was ripe in 1919-20 is a fact: but did not Don Sturzo know it long ago, and did he not know that in 1919-20 the question could have been solved only on very different terms than those of the Lateran agreements? And did Don Sturzo ever doubt the good intentions of Pius XI? His hopes of influencing Mussolini to form a normal and civil government were not realized. Has Don Sturzo changed his mind on this point? If not, then Pius XI made precisely the "mistake" which Don Sturzo now thinks that he never made. Since he wanted to make of Mussolini a decent man, why did he not delay cooperating with him until he had become a decent man?

That to refuse to deal with the fascist régime might have exposed the Church in Italy to fascist reprisals is probable; but Don Sturzo has always been aware of this fact and in his article of October 19 (*Nouvelle Revue Théologique,* Louvain) he invoked for the Church a return to the catacombs rather than cooperation, even indirectly, with the evil of fascism. Last but not least, the fact that "that was an epoch of appeasement" does not justify the policy of the Vatican. Was appeasement right when religious and wrong when political? Perhaps to explain Don Sturzo's conversion, we should make use of a "psychological appraisal"; but we let it go at that.

Don Sturzo takes exception to our statement that the Lateran agreement, though prompted by religious aims, had also a political content and political implications. Don Sturzo does not deny that there were political implications; he holds that these implications did not come from the Concordat itself, but from the fact that the Concordat was made with a political institution, which was the fascist Italian state. Does this make any difference? The fact remains that those political implications favorable to the fascist régime did exist, that they were known to Pius XI and accepted by him as part of the transaction.

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Don Sturzo is very indignant because we stated in our book that "Pius XI renounced all claims outside Vatican City and got in return one billion and three quarters in cash and bonds" and therefore that we presented the transaction as "a business bargain." If we had written only that sentence on the treaty and concordat of 1929, Don Sturzo would be right. But we devoted many

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pages to those agreements and we dealt with the financial transaction as one of the many features of that deal. We gave to it less importance than to other features, such as the oath of allegiance to be taken by bishops and parish priests, to the fascist régime. Why should we have ignored the fact that one billion and three quarters in cash and bonds passed from Mussolini to Pius XI? This was part of the deal and without it the whole transaction cannot be rightly appreciated. Don Sturzo then takes us for an historical ride to show that the Popes have not been after economic advantage, and tells us that from 1871 to 1929 they managed without Italian money. We are familiar with the financial history of the papacy and we could take Don Sturzo for a ride in the opposite direction. But at present our problem is very simple: does Don Sturzo think that in 1929 Pius XI was forced by Mussolini to receive those millions in cash and bonds, or did he himself demand them without needing them or holding them in contempt? Don Sturze himself writes: "One might be of Professor Binchy's opinion that it would have been better not to accept money from the Italian State." We surmise that Don Sturzo is that "one." If so, we agree with him.

Don Sturzo has taken up the cudgel not only on behalf of Pius XI, but also of the American bishops who sang the praises and benefits of Mussolini "at the time of the Lateran agreements." We wish to remind Don Sturzo that they did so not only in 1929, but both long before and long after 1929. Don Sturzo invokes also to their benefit a "psychological appraisal," and tells us that the American bishops were in good faith, that they were so far away from Italy as not to understand what was going on there. We take notice of this "ignorance" of American bishops concerning Italian affairs for future reference. Meanwhile, we must state again that we are interested only in the effects which episcopal enthusiasm for Mussolini had on the fortunes of fascism both in Italy and abroad. We tried to show that the responsibility assumed by the Italian people in accepting fascism was shared by many too many others outside Italy. Does Don Sturzo argue with our contention? If not, what is the use of telling us that his bishops were ignorant and in good faith?

Since he has raised the question of the bishops and has mentioned the French bishops as among those who, knowing the situation in Italy, did not join the chorus of celebrating Mussolini, we take the liberty to remind Don Sturzo that those bishops had a good reason to remain aloof. An English Catholic, "Civis Romanus," in his book "The Pope Is King" (London, 1929, page 164), a book that Don Sturzo has read, remarked: "Here and there a French Cardinal expressed his surprise that the Pope who so energetically condemned the nationalism of Charles Maurras and of the Action Française, should make agreements with the government of Mussolini whose creed does not differ from that of the French nationalism." Don Sturzo tells us also that Father Gillis, editor of the *Catholic World,* took an anti-fascist stand, and that even THE COMMONWEAL was criticized for its lack of enthusiasm. For the time being we accept this statement, though with some reservation; but the fact is that Father Gillis and the editors of THE COMMONWEAL were not bishops, and they were the exception and not the rule among Catholic priests and laymen. Why should we have ignored the rule on account of scanty exceptions? Finally Don Sturzo takes us to task for diminishing the significance of the "clear and constant denunciation by Pius XI of the anti-Semitic laws introduced into Italy." We cannot deal here with this subject, for lack of space, and will answer Don Sturzo's indictment in a special article which soon will be published elsewhere. But we wish to remind Don Sturzo that the attempt to minimize such declarations as were made by Pius XI was carried on by the Jesuit periodical, *Civilta Cattolica,* of Rome, which published precisely during the months when the anti-Semitic egg was being hatched by Mussolini, a series of articles in which it advocated substantial restrictions of the civil and political rights of Jewish populations in Christian countries. Don Sturzo tells us that he has not read those articles; one reason more for him to abstain from raising doubts about our statements. There are plenty of copies of that periodical in this country.

In conclusion we have to express our regret for the fact that Don Sturzo, instead of taking our book as a whole and presenting his criticism and his constructive views on the essential points, chose to dwell on some points of minor importance, almost exclusively concerning the Vatican. The readers of his articles, if they were content with what Don Sturzo told them, would never make any "personal acquaintance" with our basic contentions and would form a wrong idea of our "psychology."

Communications

NO ABIDING PLACE

Bryn Mawr, Pa.

TO the Editors: No American Catholic and, indeed, no American of good will longing for a peaceful world can read President George N. Shuster's article on Italy in the December 24 issue of THE COMMONWEAL without being stirred to the core by its wisdom, its understanding, and its essentially Christian charity and foresight. It represents at every point an exact opposite to the disturbing, terrifying violence, hatred and destructive fury of some of the anti-Fascist intellectuals sojourning in our country who seem to be unaware of the fact that

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the victim of their rage will be the Italy and the Italians they so dearly love, to say nothing of the rest of the civilized world, including the United States that has so hospitably housed them. The present writer will never forget the deep outrage experienced by some brilliant students (both Catholic and non-Catholic) last spring when they read a violent article by one of these Italian intellectuals. Bigotry, unfortunately, begets bigotry; hatred stirs up greater hatred. These intellectuals are helping neither their cause nor Italy's. And it is an open secret that honored and responsible American Protestant leaders are seriously concerned over the dissension that is being stirred up in our country at a time when all men of good will, Catholics, Protestants, and Jews, are working earnestly in the opposite direction. Conscious of the excellent motive of these exiles, one can only pray in all the sincerity of one's heart: *Pater, dimitte illis, non enim sciunt quid faciunt.*

One can understand the genesis of the bitter hatred of which these well-meaning intellectuals have become the victims. This writer remembers the upheaval she once experienced on hearing an American priest, entirely ignorant of Spanish politics, extol from the pulpit the admirable Christian qualities of General Franco. Dante felt the same kind of violent rage often, but, being great and truly Christian, he never allowed it to degenerate into the impotent wrath he so powerfully condemned in his Hell, nor did he use it to sow discord, for in his moral scheme the sowers of discord merited even a lower and more awful place in Hell. Don Luigi Sturzo (whose rich contribution to Italian thought will some day—in a less materialistic and positivistic age than ours—be appreciated with a deeper gratitude by Italians, Catholics, and civilized men everywhere) must often have been similarly tempted in the course of his twenty-year exile, not only because of his own personal tragedy, but especially because, gifted as few men are gifted with the vision of a truly great statesman, he could clearly see the mad tragedy towards which the world was whirling, and he could foresee and experience in suffering the cruel torture of his own beloved Italy. Every gift he had, every ounce of his energy was used in the attempt to avert the calamity. (One has only to read his books to be convinced of this fact, from "Italy and Fascismo," published in 1926, followed by the "International Community and the Right to War," 1929, etc., down to articles appearing in the *Nazioni Unite,* just before the invasion of Italy when he foresaw exactly what would happen.) No, Don Sturzo, being a Christian of the heroic stuff of saints, has not allowed hatred to mar his great gifts; he has given them freely to all, for the greater glory of God and the good of all mankind.

But it is the last part of President Shuster's article that should stir us to action. The path that he points out for the salvation of Italy and Europe is the path that was pointed out long ago to a generally heedless world (including Catholics) by Pope Leo XIII: the way of Christian Democracy. In this movement there has been no more illustrious name than that of Don Luigi Sturzo. A government of the people, by the people, for the people, based on Christian morality. For Italy and for the rest of enslaved Europe it is the only road that leads away from all the totalitarianisms that once more raise their ugly heads: a new wave of Fascism (which will reappear in a form of an exaggerated nationalism stung into being by resentment against insult and injustice); Communism (not a Russian importation, but a last desperate resort for the poor and the hungry—this is already reported to be happening in Sicily wherever the reactionary policies of Lord Rennell of Rodd have not exactly brought justice for the disillusioned down-trodden); the totalitarian "democracy" of the Italian anti-Fascist "idealists," so well described by Mr. Shuster, a democracy that will be a cruel and bloody mockery, more tyrannical than any tyranny.

And what can we American Catholics do to help Christian Democracy in Italy? President Shuster makes very clear our responsibilities. We *can,* if we wish, help fashion a constructive, happy future for Italy and thereby help Europe and ourselves. We must insist that there be *justice for Italy,* and *no spoliation.* Only the truly strong can be generous (so Pope Pius XII told the whole civilized world in a recent message), and Mr. Shuster is exactly right when he writes that we Americans can insist that for Italy "there shall be generosity and kindliness, to the brim and running over." And Mr. Shuster is uttering a profound truth when he says that the case of Italy is a desperate challenge to our belief; that it is there that those who possess the faith can give proof of whether they are willing to suffer and work now in order that the future may belong to Christ or whether they will blindly retreat into the more comfortable negative rôle of assuming no leadership and no responsibility, thus allowing the desperate masses, unable any longer to endure their misery, to follow the banner of a new and more terrible tyranny.

★

It is well for us Catholics to meditate on the fact that sins of omission, too, bear a dire punishment in their train. Bloody Tarawa was the penalty we paid for not having stopped Japan from taking those islands when we might have done so under the League of Nations. Dante's Hell refuses to receive those souls who shirked their responsibilities and lived on earth for themselves alone, achieving neither infamy nor fame, remaining neutral when duty and moral obligation should have stirred them to action. Not even Hell welcomes them, for the wicked might derive some glory from their presence. Both Divine mercy and justice scorn those who refuse to act when the time for action is clear. Shall we American Catholics sit idly back when it is our clear moral obligation to see that the principles for which we Americans went to war should be respected: the principles of justice and no territorial aggrandizement for *any* of the United Nations. They are the principles embodied in the Atlantic Charter. It cannot be repeated too often: by insisting that for Italy there be ***justice and no spoliation,*** we can help the cause of Christian Democracy in Italy, and that of Christianity for all of Europe.

ANGELINE H. LOGRASSO.

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Des Moines, Iowa.

TO the Editors: Even though thirty years of absence from the land of my birth has severed most of the ties that bind an adult to his childhood days, the article by George Shuster, "No Abiding Place," has struck me to the depth of my heart.

The last three paragraphs I have read and reread. Italians and Catholics cannot but admire the spirit, the high-mindedness, and the Christian charity inspiring the noble sentiments of Mr. Shuster.

We are grateful to him and to THE COMMONWEAL. We hope furthermore that Italian-Americans and Catholics will lead in the reconstruction of a Christian Democracy in Italy.

May I be permitted to ask some very specific questions: Are there any Catholic committees gathering funds and clothing to help alleviate the conditions in the *Italia Redenta* regions?

Is there any assistance to be given to the Christian Democracy party in the reorganization of labor unions, cooperatives and land settlements?

If we Italian-Americans and Catholics fail now to take a positive, active and determined stand, shall we have reason to complain if Italy should fall into unchristian and undemocratic hands?

RT. REV. MSGR. L. G. LIGUTTI.

The Stage & Screen

Our Town

WITH THIS revival of Thornton Wilder's Pulitzer Prize piece, the New York City Center precisely justifies its intention and provides a truly impressive, significant evening at the play. Having succumbed to the flue (*sic*) along with the rest of the town, I was unable to cover the two earlier offerings ("Susan and God" and "The Patriots"), so that this visit to the Center was my first, and I think my immediate and outstanding feeling at being there was one of pride—not more in the play and the players than in the large audience, and in being part of the audience. Retaining almost all the original cast, with the delightful exception of Marc Connelly this time in the part of the "Stage Manager," the production parallels the original, and the cast succeeded in projecting Mr. Wilder's saga of Grover's Corners into the furthermost stretches of the enormous theater without too much resort to the amplifying device. As for the play itself, Mr. Wilder's beautifully proportioned moving fragment of philosophy is loved for many reasons and argued for as many. I think I love it chiefly for its spoken concession to "the Saints and the Poets" in the third act. No partisan of New England, I get a sort of Chestertonian bristle in the face of so much inevitability (I do not want to call it complacency) and find I prefer to fight like a man (maybe an Irishman) rather than a member of the human race. However, as I have said, Mr. Wilder has provided for such weakness; and for its humor, its compassion, its fine structural balance, certainly his piece is a deserved classic. I hope very much to be able to estimate this writer's work more generously in this column soon. Meantime, as the most outstanding of the practicing playwrights (theater-wright is really the better term), perhaps his most valuable feature is his reliance upon acting; and in this respect, I wish I could explain what has happened to Martha Scott. Is it Hollywood? or has she grown up? A little too beautiful nowadays to look "Emily," somehow or other she let the lovely "return-scene" wander away, and her alternately fiddling then waving gestures in the house, her random walk back up the hill, were merely something to see while listening to the lines. Nothing was felt. Perhaps this was only the result of the traditional second-night slump, as her scene in the drugstore was delightful, and *played*. Nevertheless, it was surprising. A new interpretation, Montgomery Clift's "George," was excellent. With great physical grace and emotional power, he is an actor; and if he will only drop the Alfred Lunt twang which he seems to have acquired I think he will be a good one. I thought Ethel Remy's pantomime was over-done and too detailed; but for the rest, they were all *in* and *of* the play. And I mean this as comment, compliment, bang and bravo! Like Hamlet.

At popular prices at a City Theater, this is an experience. Please go. (*At the New York City Center.*)

Suds in Your Eye

ANXIOUSLY rather than ordinarily, I should have said that anything featuring Jane Darwell and Brenda Forbes would be worth seeing. However, this is not the case with Jack Kirkland's comedy based on a novel by Mary Lasswell. It is not. And unfortunately, I do not know quite how to describe it to you. I suppose it had better go down as a sort of suey involving an endless Irish Lady Junk Dealer who loves her neighbors and her beer and her nephews, and who gets into "fixes" for the space of three long acts as a result. It is not a play although it is bravely manned by a large cast, and Miss Darwell in over-alls does her usual best. Her unhappy situation, and everyone's, is also needlessly complicated on alternate nights by little Frederic Munn Zseto, a child-actor who, with the longest part in the play, should be in bed, in school, *anywhere* as long as it's away from the stage. As a child, certainly. As an actor, no. And, regarding Miss Forbes, her part as "Miss Tinkham," an elocutionary spinster, is so entirely stupid and her playing of it so entirely zany, that one gravitates between admiration and revulsion at her fortitude. She is still, I think, one of the best if most seldom of our comediennes. I wonder why no one will money Nancy Hamilton's adaptation of "Mary Poppins" for her. The production would be expensive, I know,

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but I think it would be a prize and should win more. I wish the funds behind this useless rampage could have gone toward it. (*At the Cort.*)

Jackpot

THERE are exactly two interesting phenomena in this so-big, so-rich, so-crowded, so-so musical of Vinton Freedley's. The first is Peter Hamilton, a young dancer whom I thought extraordinary in everything he did although this drearily included a satirical ballet entitled "Grist for De Mille"; and the second is Nanette Fabray. Miss Fabray, a charming girl, fair dancer, fair singer, seems extraordinary to me since she is an actual proof of The Might Of The Myth; and as such, should be studied, I think, by all the psychologists, philosophers, historians, poets and painters, and intellectuals available. For, in addition to her other qualifications, she is the living-image of that character for so long in the public eye and known as "Tillie The Toiler." The living-image, the walking-image, the image—in fact, she is Tillie herself. It is very interesting indeed.

Beyond this—and beyond the silly book built on Army hokum, the unbelievably rich and beautiful sets by Jones and Sovey, the incomprehensible costumes by someone called Kiviette, the prissy Duke music and the off-Dietz lyrics, Mary Wickes with nothing to do, Jerry Lester with poor material, Allan Jones being traditional, and Betty Garrett being gay—I have nothing to say. (*At the Alvin.*)

KAPPO PHELAN.

Water Water Everywhere

IT ISN'T that we haven't seen an Alfred Hitchcock picture before and didn't really know that he was a master director who can do practically anything with cinema. But it's just that we didn't think it was possible for a 90-minute movie to have one locale and actually be moving cinema as well as one of the most exciting films of all filmdom. All we knew about "Lifeboat" before we saw it was that Hitchcock directed John Steinbeck's story, that Tallulah Bankhead, its star, had been temperamental and difficult to work with, and that its only locale was a lifeboat. Well, from the moment the picture opens with the tip of a smoke stack sinking into the ocean and the camera wandering idly over oranges, a checkerboard, papers, garbage, a human body and miscellaneous refuse tossing about the water before focusing on the lifeboat in which sits mink-coated, carefully made-up Connie Porter who is calmly holding a lighted cigarette between manicured fingers and shouting "Halloo there" in the desultory and hoarse Bankhead voice: from this beginning until the film's finale supposedly many many days later when the few remaining survivors and their prisoner are waiting in this same boat for the approaching rescue ship, "Lifeboat" provides thrill after thrill in such a high pitch of excitement and entertainment that you will never let your eyes wander from the screen.

This is a film to be seen from the beginning—a practice, by the way, that we have been encouraging for a long time with all movies that have even a smattering of intelligence in their direction. Director Hitchcock, who carefully plans every step of mood and suspense, has built up a tense atmosphere that is sustained throughout the film. Jo Swerling's script, written from the Steinbeck story, reveals only a little at a time about each member of the cast until we know all that is necessary about this ill-assorted crew. One by one the survivors join Connie, a journalist, with ink instead of blood in her veins, who coldly points her camera indiscriminately at swimming victims and flotsam until Kovac not-so-accidentally knocks it into the ocean. The assembled group includes Connie (Miss Bankhead) who has traveled far since she left Chicago's South Side; Kovac (John Hodiak), the handsome guy from the engine room who is stronger on brawn than brains, who has not gone far up the social ladder since he said goodbye to the stockyards but has swerved a bit to the left; a wealthy American industrialist (Henry Hull); a young British radio operator (Hume Cronyn); a Negro steward (Canada Lee) who has found the happiness and contentment of religion since he stopped putting his clever fingers to dishonest uses; a young English mother (Heather Angel) who doesn't want to be saved; an American nurse (Mary Anderson) disturbed in conflict between her conscience and her love for a married man; Gus (William Bendix), a Brooklyn sailor with a yen for dancing; and last, but by no means least, as events work out, a German (Walter Slezak) from the submarine that sank the freighter on which these people were going from the United States to England.

It is by no means my intention here to tell Steinbeck's absorbing and allegorically-inclined story. (The pleasure to be derived from many films has been lessened by garrulous reviewers.) But needless to say the movie is packed with drama, which derives from the exciting tale, the conflicts that arise among such a heterogeneous group of people, nature's lack of cooperation with storm, sun, water and body requirements, and the emotions brought into play when a leg must be amputated with brandy as the anaesthetic, when sex rears its ugly head, when jangled nerves cause a grating of personalities. There's a lot of talking in this movie, but it's interesting adult talk; and Hitchcock has directed the motion picture camera so well that the action never becomes dull or static (and I don't mean just because the camera rises and sinks continuously as the lifeboat tosses on the ocean). Much of the picture has a curious unreal quality that is no doubt due to the situation itself as well as the good writing in Swerling's screenplay and the ideas in Steinbeck's story, all of which give the effect of a series of fables in which the characters have symbolic meanings. Occasionally it seems that Hitchcock has crowded too many symbols into the characterizations and events. At one point in the picture, it seems as if evil, as personified by the nazi, is going to triumph; is Hitchcock trying to say it would and will triumph unless the democrats, who were until this time rather ineffectual, form a mob and become as strong and brutal as the nazis?

The acting throughout the film is exceptionally good. Slezak's smile of superiority as he portrays the nazi explaining that he is a member of the Master Race who would naturally be in command (and he almost proves his point); Bendix's startlingly real drunk scene as he

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drinks the brandy before the operation; Hull's officious attitude in assuming command and later in the poker game that is one of the picture's many teasing episodes; everyone in the cast has his big scene. But if any one performance stands out as magnificent it is Tallulah Bankhead's. To perfection she portrays the opportunist who would succeed in her profession and get what she wants—including the engine-room Adonis for whom she makes a play without reserve. Miss Bankhead may have been temperamental on the studio lot, but the results are worth it. Her portrait of a sophisticated, self-centered female is one of the most convincing ever to appear in cinema's entire gallery of unwholesome characters.

While "Lifeboat" is a moving, intelligent and entertaining film, I do not think it is a great picture. It has more head than heart; but it propounds some thoughtful questions, most important of which is: what *is* to be done with these Germans? Obviously this is no picture of youngsters, but it should be a cinema treat for mentally adult adults. And what if it is a *tour de force*? It's the most exciting *tour* to appear in a long time.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Editors' Choice

STREET CORNER SOCIETY. *The Social Structure of an Italian Slum. William Foote Whyte. Chicago.* $3.00.

POEMS. *Dunstan Thompson. S. & S.* $2.00.

GOLDEN APPLES OF THE SUN. *Rosemary Obermeyer. Dutton.* $2.50.

In the Streets

WHEN YOU travel through the small towns of southern Italy you see the men all dressed in black standing on the streets, talking, endlessly talking. It seems as if it were a market day, always. When you go into a hotel in a small place like Catanzaro, in Calabria, you have to show your passport and fill out a form and men all dressed in black—in the perpetual mourning of Italy and Spain—come in from the streets; they stand in the hotel lobby with their black hats on their heads and the hotel clerk shows your passport to all his friends; they all stand there looking at the passport; they are not excited; they just look at the passport, they try to read what is written on the passport. After a long time the clerk gives you back your passport; the men go out onto the street again; they stand on the street discussing the foreigner; they resume their conversation. Of course there is a little money somewhere, there is a five lire piece which passes from hand to hand; the five lire piece is earned, spent, borrowed, stolen—it is always the same five lire piece. When a man has it he will be sitting in a café looking at the street; when he has not got it he will be standing in the street looking at the café. That is the way it is from Naples south. It is, of course, a phenomenon of poverty. From time to time southern Italians escape from the streets into politics, the priesthood, the law, philosophy. It is not easy to escape because those southern Italians who are born rich, the land owners and the great families, manager to stay rich, which means that they manage also to keep the others poor.

For a long time a great avenue of escape was emigration. The men who stood on the streets in the southern Italian towns escaped those towns and came to America. A great number of these Italians who came to America—or their children—escaped also from the streets, the street corners of the American cities. A great number moved from the Italian districts of the American cities into prosperity and into achievement in all fields. A great many Italians have been successful in America in every way. Not only materially. That goes without saying, but, probably, it must be said whenever anything of any sort is written about Americans of Italian origin. As a precaution against misunderstanding and in strict justice.

But many remained on the street corners, talking as endlessly as they did in Calabria and, sometimes, as hopeless, as confined, as they had been in Italy. The famous American social mobility—scientific jargon for the Horatio Alger process of virtue rewarded—did not work always and everywhere. There remained in many cities and there still remain Italian-American slums.

William Foote Whyte has lived in one of these slums in one of these cities. He has written "Street Corner Society" in an attempt to describe a social structure he seems to have well observed. The result of course is a full fledged sociological study with diagrams and everything. And at first glance you might think that this was a book for specialists. But Mr. Whyte is something a little different from the average field investigator. When he learned to speak Italian he did something a little different. And when you see that throughout his book there is not a page which does not show that he liked the people he was investigating you see that you are dealing with an investigator who is not like too many of his colleagues. This is why his case histories for instance do not make you feel that the men who furnished them squirmed and were miserable and were humiliated while he put them over the jumps. They told him things as they would to a friend. And he did not make a dirty mess of what they told him. There are many direct quotes in this book and very often they are revealing and they move one's emotions. The struggle, sometimes unconscious, sometimes deliberate, for leadership, the loyalties and why they existed and what they were to, and how, often, they conflicted, the difficulty of getting work, the political struggles—all these abstract matters are described in terms of identifiably human beings. Inevitably Mr. Whyte talks about "patterns" but the men who move within the systems of "behavior" they form break out of all scientific considerations and become men whom the reader will remember as persons. The cops, the gangsters, the ambitious boys and the boys who are failures, all have names. They do not remain types. The corrupt cop, the racketeer, become understandable persons who act as they do for reasons which are understandable. It is interesting to understand the reasons and to know these people.

There are reaches in this book—sometimes long reaches—which will be dull reading for those who would prefer to contemplate such personages in a novel. But for those who are able to invent their own novels starting from a knowledge of man, that is to say for those who care to meditate with the real life of men as a starting point, Mr. Whyte's study provides rich material.

When you travel through Calabria you see the men talking in the streets and when you walk through the slums in America you see the men standing on the street corners. After reading Mr. Whyte you understand a

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little better why they are standing on the corners and what they are talking about. It would have been useful and, within limits even pleasant, traveling through Calabria, to have been able to check what one saw against an investigation some Mr. Whyte might have made. Baedeker did not suffice.

The Young Men Go to War

HERE IS a living, speaking voice of youth enmeshed in war. We have not had one before, this time. Last time, we had Rupert Brooke. Not that Dunstan Thompson is in any sense an imitator of Brooke, but rather that he is talking about much the same thing. He is talking about his friends who have gone, or will go. He is talking about how lovely life was before life was broken up by khaki and navy blue. He is talking about nostalgia for things still very near and fresh. And everything he says is based upon that assumption of youth—that assumption which life so quickly disproves—the assumption that the great friendships, the deep, true loves so firmly cemented in youth will continue throughout life.

All this means that Mr. Thompson is a poet of a specific generation, and the reader must make an effort, if he does not belong to that generation, or to a like generation, to take on the coloring of that generation, to get under its skin. Not only this, but Mr. Thompson's whole formation is that of only a portion of the generation for which he speaks—the university man, almost, more specifically yet, the Harvard man. His language is steeped with metaphors and usages and allusions which hold their most intense meaning only for a reader equally steeped in the central stream of Western culture. And hence for the ordinary reader a double effort of the imagination is necessary. Take these four stanzas from the last poem in his book, "Images of Disaster":

> Now every meeting means a new farewell:
> With armies levied by the loss of friends.
> Sailor and airman each go off. Who shall tell
> The last one left good-by again? Childhood ends
>
> For the toy soldier: bugles, drums, the moated fort,
> All come alive: war's monstrous magic lantern shows
> Gigantic grown the man of lead. How short, so short
> The springtime was, the charming river walks with those
>
> Whose every gesture was a gay one, whose words
> Rippled like rapids, flashed, spun, sparkled, and ran
> In waves of laughter through the college. Season of birds
> And violets in the courtyard. Evenings that had no plan
>
> But turned to triumphs: music from the phonograph—
> Waltzes, the German jazz: and always too much gin to drink.
> Or those long late drives to pleasure parks: the happy half
> An hour on the carrousel: a chocolate horse whose eyes were pink.

And yet Mr. Thompson's command of rhythm, of lyric flow, of the just word is enough to carry over his emotion.

It might perhaps be alleged against these "Poems" that they have a certain monotony, not only in subject, but in imagery and in vocabulary. The poet is almost obsessed by gems, for instance. He is constantly speaking of emeralds or diamonds. This much must be said in the hope that as he grows older he will enlarge his field of sensibility, find new veins to mine.

One feels throughout his verse that if there is any one influence paramount upon him, it is the influence of Shakespeare, which is after all a pretty good influence. Not that any one of his poems could be described as a shallow imitation—far from it. He has worked himself into a Shakespearian mood, and hence what comes out of the mood sounds like Shakespeare, but finds no parallel. The vocabulary is the poet's own; the similarity lies rather in the melodic line. And to say this much is to praise highly when there results so fine a sonnet as the following:

> This loneliness for you is like the wound
> That keeps the soldier patient in his bed,
> Smiling to soothe the general on his round
> Of visits to the somehow not yet dead;
> Who, after he has pinned a cross above
> The bullet-bearing heart, when told that this
> Is one who held the hill, bends down to give
> Folly a diffident embarrassed kiss.
> But once that medaled moment passes, O.
> Disaster, charging on the fever chart,
> Wins the last battle, takes the heights, and he
> Succumbs before his reinforcements start.
> Yet now, when death is not a metaphor,
> Who dares to say that love is like the war?

Mr. Thompson merits our thanks for having given us one of the finest volumes of poetry to appear in many months, and Simon and Schuster are to be congratulated for their courage in publishing a book for other than commercial reasons.

The Charms of Escape

IN THE EFFORT to get away from the harsh reality of the current scene—at least long enough to gather one's forces for another facing up to things—the world of books provides a choice of avenues. Each has its points. Study of other periods or of absorbing men and women who lived in other times is one of the first. Yet there are few periods in human history which do not suggest disturbing parallels to our present travail. Less historically minded readers often light on murder mysteries, where concentration on "who done it?" for a while takes them quite out of themselves. Of course not everyone is addicted to fiction of this type, or to the highly-colored narratives of great loves, where interest centers on the winning of Thelma or Algernon. Rosemary Obermeyer's "Golden Apples of the Sun" fits into none of these sure-fire formulas for escapism, and yet it provides as good a temporary haven from the storms as any recent volume; it is made of the stuff that will appeal to the widest range of readers.

The tone is refreshing; the scene, romantically remote. The heroine is a gypsy girl in the pioneer days in our West. Much of the action takes place at old Mr. O'Callaghan's tumbledown farm, where he and his tiny niece and the gypsy, Rhona, somehow manage to get along and put up brave resistance when ill fortune threatens. O'Callaghan is a Saroyanesque character, as is his less robust neighbor, the musician-archeologist, Mr. Heinback, with whom many an apparently heated argument ensues. There is the same sunny note about Father Tully, an aged missionary, who has an important rôle in the proceedings.

In addition to the ebullient, Saroyan strain, Miss Obermeyer is quite in style with her stream of consciousness manner. This gives an effective opening to the story, with Rhona's fragmentary recollections of her gypsy mother and the strange life they lived together before she

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was adopted by Mrs. St. Peter. In fact, whatever the derivation of Miss Obermeyer's novel, it is completely natural, fresh, convincing.

Appropriately enough, two escapes are the chief ingredients in the plot. In the first Rhona pits her extraordinary gypsy wiles against the knowing concern of the Sisters to whom she had been entrusted by Mrs. St. Peter. The other is a long trek in which Rhona more than once saves the fugitive party of O'Callaghan and his golden-haired niece, Mr. Heinback, Father Tully and Letty, a schoolmate of Rhona's who is trying to reach her beloved. This journey is not without its terrible moments, but Rhona is always conscious of the beauties of nature, as she is throughout the book. And she never forgets her resourceful gypsy cunning. As charming a romance as will appear this season.

More Books of the Week

Action This Day. Francis J. Spellman. Scribner. $2.75.

THE ARCHBISHOP traveled to North Africa, to England, to the Middle East, to Madagascar, to South Africa in order to visit the American troops and the chaplains who are with the troops. If the Archbishop had been a young priest, it is likely that he would have been a chaplain with the troops. If the Archbishop had been a young man who was not a priest, it is likely that he would have been a soldier. If he had not been an Archbishop, it would have seemed entirely natural for him to have been a chaplain; if he had not been a priest it would have seemed entirely natural for him to have been a soldier. Because this man is an American, devoted to America—naturally so—because this man would not merely feel that it was his duty to be with Americans in their difficulties; he would be inseparable from Americans at all times and without being deliberate about it, without deliberating the matter, without talking about it. That is why these informal letters to his father are as if they were a collection of letters written by a thousand American soldiers to a thousand fathers—even as if they had been censored by a thousand censors. It is true that most American soldiers do not lunch with Churchill, are not greeted by generals wherever they go, do not sleep in Casablanca in the room used by the President when he was there. But the tone is the same; the Archbishop tells his father what he sees as he travels; he writes a letter that the censor would not object to. Americans enjoy reading his letters as they enjoy reading letters from their sons.

Yet in these letters there is something a little different; there is something very important which is a little different. The Archbishop made one trip that the American soldier has not yet made. The world of the war is a closed world; the American soldier is held in a closed world, in a special world. Churchill and all the generals the Archbishop met are in that world. But there is one place to which the Archbishop traveled which is not in that world. There was one place to which this American traveled alone.

"After the meeting of the Academy, the Pope greeted the twelve Cardinals who were present and then came to me as I knelt waiting for his approach. He placed his hands on my shoulders, bade me rise, welcomed me, and told me to accompany him." The Archbishop of New York, the Military Vicar of the Armed Forces of the

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United States was alone in a room of the Vatican, alone with the Vicar of Christ. Outside the Vatican was Rome, outside Rome were the bare hills of the Roman Campagna, with a stone farmhouse here and there; beyond the Campagna were the hills on one side with the great villas and the parks, Frascati, Tivoli, Castel Gandolfo, and on the other side was the sea—beyond the hills were the mountains, beyond the mountains and the sea was the world at war. The Archbishop was alone with the Pope at the center of the world. An American was at this precise point in the world where the delegate of all humanity is concerned with the relationship between this world and God. Between this world at war and God.

Of what took place in that room in the Vatican between an American Archbishop and the Pope there is not one word in the letters. I know, of course, that the Archbishop who had been ten years absent from Rome had, in a sense, never been absent from the Vatican, had never been separated from the Pope in the Vatican. In the sense that a priest anywhere, in the sense that a Catholic anywhere is united to the Pope. I know that the Archbishop was not surprised to find in that room in the Vatican a single intent, a singular intensity, placing the world, the indivisible world, in the hands of God. A single prayer for the entire world, a single submission of all men everywhere to the will of God. The Archbishop knew what he would find in that room. But it was something else again to be there in that room, in person, with the Pope, in person; it was something else to be there in the silence of that room alone with the Pope before the Pope spoke.

So that there is something in the letters which is different from what would have been in the letters had the Archbishop not traveled to Rome. The Archbishop in his travels would always have thought as a priest thinks and one would have found that quality in his letters. But, because the Archbishop had gone out of the world at war, had entered that room where the Pope presented the world at war to God, there was an increased urgency in the manner in which this priest, from that moment on, thought of the war and of the world and of God. All through the letters, again and again, something breaks through the Archbishop's narrative. He watches the enemy bombers over an African town, and an immense desire for justice, charity, mercy, breaks through the account of the bombing. He writes these simple letters of an American traveling, he visits the wounded, he takes their messages to bring home, he is grateful to everyone who does anything for him: he gives a straightforward and simple account. Then suddenly this immense desire for peace, this horror at seeing men diverted from the ways of peace, breaks in. But it is not simply emotion which interrupts him. It is not simply what he says about a just peace which halts his narrative. It is not the words that he has written, it is the words he has not written, the silences, the ordered prayer, which interrupt. What the Archbishop carried in his soul the letters do not say.

C. G. PAULDING.

Part of a Lifetime. Lee Simonson. Duell. $5.00.

WORK OF A craftsman as well as a painter and writer, I think it will surprise no one to learn that Lee Simonson's latest book is a production as well as a testament. The beautiful quarto volume is precisely designed, opening on an early self-portrait (subtitled "The Judgement of Paris" by the author, and "Farewell to Gauguin" by Lewis Mumford) which is as much an intrinsic part of the record as are the introductory and concluding sonnets, the hundred pages of text, and the eighty-odd drawings and photographs of settings and costumes. An honorable achievement on every score, the book presents a good opportunity for examining an artist's work simultaneously with his conclusions and will, I imagine, cause havoc and ha-ha among the estheticians; since Mr. Simonson deals first with facts, then with discoveries, and finally with plans—omitting any theories at all.

Confessing in his first sentence: "from the threshold of my teens I seem to have been bandied about between the rival muses of art and literature, the alternate lure of writing and painting . . ." the author details a New York childhood highlit as much by his attendance at neighborhood playhouses as by his early discovery of Ibsen and Shaw; and exalted perhaps most of all by his determined allegiance to the magic realms of Maxfield Parrish as illustrated in the *St. Nicholas, Harper's* and old *Century* magazines. Later, outlining three years of introspection and writing at Harvard in its "golden afternoon" ("When I am asked where I went to college, I am always inclined to reply 'I went to Santayana.' "), the account travels to Paris and painting, home again to twenty years of stage-design as one of the original directors of the Theatre Guild, and closes on a blueprint for the future: a scheme, secure in statistics, for the Broadway theater to tax itself, the resultant funds to be used for the establishment of a number of non-profitmaking professional repertory theaters throughout the country to serve as workshops for playwrights, actors and technicians as well as training schools for essential talent. If Mr. Simonson has based the title of his book not only upon personal history but also upon the insidious temporality of his profession, he has at the same time provided a play whereby the theater could become "All Of A Lifetime" to all of its workers; and I earnestly hope that this section of the book (previously published as a separate piece in the New York *Times*) will be examined by all of its public—from the White House to the "Enchanted Aisles"—as well as by its passionately unemployed.

However, in addition to his "Prescription for an Ailing Theater," Mr. Simonson's pie holds further plums and not the least of these is his reiterated explanation of design as a dynamic problem necessarily inter-related with the functions of playwright, actor and director: "Not how the text reads but how it acts when spoken; not the setting as uninhabited decoration but as a frame for action; not the costume as an effect but in motion." This is a definition of theater production which, fundamental as it is, seems never to be inspected by our practicing reviewers, an omission which results in enormous cost to the public at large. For ignorance of the fact that it is the pattern of movement which must determine the pattern of design seems to result in a confusion between style and material in the purlieus of Broadway where one consistently finds actors overwhelmed by expensive scenery, checked by the richest cheatery, the performance drowned, the play distorted, and the price of the tickets inexorably mounting higher and higher in dollars and disappointment. Certainly an examination of the drawings and photographs illustrating Mr. Simonson's text will reveal the authentic attack. Here the designs are of settings for actors to act in. They are places in a play; places dramatizing the "climactic movements involved in acting a play." And they are marked neither by mannerism nor individual

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fakement (I am thinking here, of course, of Robert Edmond Jones's insistent use of such tricks as the false proscenium—a good idea never finagled, never experimented, but simply gone tired in his hands from over use) but are apposite and relevant. For many people, they are pictures in the mind illustrating one or another unforgettable performance, one or another memorable experience in the theater. The point.

Together with this particular technical nugget, the text contains innumerable others; innumerable reflections, some anecdotes, some gossip and much humor. But I wish Mr. Simonson would not so determinedly oppose his deductions about theater art to his deductions about painting; or better, I wish he were able to write of his transition between the two mediums with less of regret, of a sense of failure. I imagine this feeling is generated mainly by the fact that his work as designer seems to him more of an accident than a matter of choice. However, since his theatrical career exactly parallels the meteoric rise of direction and design (Gemini in a painted sky) on our stage, it is hard to see how he could have done otherwise than fall into it happily, as he did. Given ten years, five years' grace, I think he could have chosen what happened. However, although his analysis of what he terms "the so-called fine art" is valuable; although his account of his revolt against the intellection of the Paris schoolmen, his demand for a "poet's scenario" for the painter today, is brilliant (see Huxley on the elder Breughel, by the way, for this) his conclusion seems invariably to be that it was his flounder as a painter that precipitated him on to the stage. A conclusion which seems to place all of his theater opera in the region of compensation rather achievement in his own mind. And, parenthetical to this objection, I certainly wish he might have torn the lid completely off the Theatre Guild rather than merely lifting it as judiciously as he has done. His description of the progress of that organization as the steady and stupid victory of the executive over the artist is reasonable, astute and fine; but it is thin, and should unquestionably have been ramified by some selection of the hundreds of "lost occasions" when the artists and actors went down and the Guild went on—to another mistake. Undoubtedly this report has broken the ice, and undoubtedly the ramifications are now being published, rather than whispered, elsewhere; but I cannot feel that Mr. Simonson's caution is, in this instance, to his credit or advantage. Airing a grievance is often a valiant process, but it is only valiant, I think, when it admits all of history as its proof.

This week, the City Center of Music and Drama under the direction of the Mayor and Newbold Morris has announced its intention of forming a repertory theater to play a season of classics and revivals, as well as what new work it can secure, at popular prices for the town. Needless to say, in a venture of this sort, an impresario is the essential; and I believe everything will hang upon the choice by the board of directors of the right man for the job. I imagine the best definition of a great impresario must be that of a man of personality as well as experience and flare. From hearsay and his own admission (even from "The Judgment of Paris") Mr. Simonson appears to be a little (perhaps) aggressive, a quality which can be as difficult as it is valuable. However, his book also reveals him as practical, reasonable, learned, generous and passionate; and his work is its own record. By the book, the job should be his. I hope he will get it.

KAPPO PHELAN.

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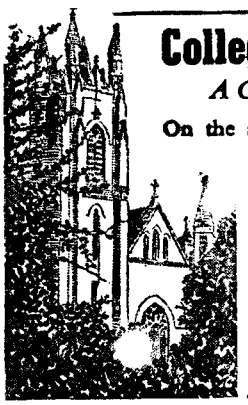
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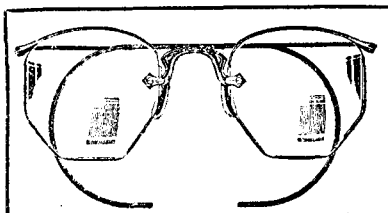
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From Shakespere to Joyce. Elmer Edgar Stoll. Doubleday. $3.50.

THERE ARE times when a book by a learned professor comes with an *effect* (it is one of Mr. Stoll's f vorite words) of surprise, and is a considerable stimulant to the mind. This volume is, to employ another of the author's expressions, a miscellany, consisting of papers, short or long, contributed to such erudite journals as the *Review of English Studies* and the *Modern Language Quarterly,* and only very thinly linked by a chain of the author's fundamental view on the problems of comparative literature. It is this view, whether one concurs in it or not, which makes his book valuable for the teacher, the student and for all people interested in the questions treated—a minority, admittedly. I should state Mr. Stoll's fundamental view as an attack (often very witty and penetrating) on the scholars who insist on seeing in the work of a great artist, Shakespeare for example, an inevitable reflection of his own allegedly diseased psychology, and an undistorted picture of his times. Not only abnormal psychology, but history, historical biography, comparative ethics and the nightmares of Dr. Freud are then dragged in to invade what is, properly, an exclusive question of literature, of art; and all that makes the subject very delightful for the young instructor, who desires to popularize his courses, because the y. i. is, frequently, a better disciple of Messrs. Strachey and Frank Harris than he is another Neilson or another Lowes. "Teachers, like their students, take eagerly to the error of passing from literature to life."

This is all very true; and if all the professors were as enlightened and stimulating as Mr. Stoll, there would be fewer amateur Freudians and Adlerians in their chairs. It is precisely because Chaucer's and Shakespeare's philology have so often been deemed more important than their souls, to say nothing of their art, that the enraged human reaction against pedantry in the class-room has gone to the lengths which Mr. Stoll deplores. I believe that our author would be among the first to admit the need of some such reaction, and has indeed admitted it in a pregnant sentence: "In such matters we should be guided, not by the learned but the imaginatively gifted, by men of letters and by the poets." It was obedience to that vision which sent Robert Frost to Dartmouth, and many another college; and it is an obtuse blindness in the same matter which has deprived Harvard University of a paramount place in American higher education.

It is but a poor task reviewing a book whose every essay seems to demand some special notice. Yet, in glancing over the contents, allowing for a certain habit of repetition in such a miscellany, and recalling the keen pleasure taken in perusing it, I cannot refrain from applauding such base-hits as Mr. Stoll's defense of Milton as a great romantic, and his smashing attack on the dervishes of unintelligibility like the late James Joyce, Gertrude Stein, and their horde of admirers. But it is the vulgar psychoanalysis, applied to the life of the artist and the problems of his art, which chiefly arouses Mr. Stoll's disgust; and there, Heaven knows, we can all follow him! How well I recall reading a little book on Leonardo, by the great Sigmund himself, in which the painter's recurrent dream (of an eagle, I believe) proved irrefutably that the painter was a pervert! In fact, the whole complex and beautiful movement we call the Renaissance in Italy has its roots (according to these madmen) in a diseased eroticism. Thus Giotto may have

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displayed some tendencies that way, but they become unblushing bad habits in Michelangelo; while over the Venetians we can only draw a veil. Hamlet, that Renaissance man, was, as we all know from the late John Barrymore's sublime reading, a victim of the Oedipus complex. When pedantry turns nasty, as well as dull, it is high time for the authentic scholar to intervene; and Mr. Stoll's book is a refreshing sample of the intervention.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

Empire. Louis Fischer. Duell. $1.00.
Indian Crisis. John S. Hoyland. Macmillan. $2.00.
The Future of South East Asia. K. M. Panikkar. Macmillan. $1.75.
India against the Storm. Post Wheeler. Dutton. $3.50.

IT IS hard to put four books into four hundred words, if they are worth reviewing at all. All these are. South Eastern Asia is the center of world disturbance. Future peace and war depend upon what England does in that area, and the intelligence with which America does anything at all there. Official intelligence in our own Asiatic affairs has been completely lacking in the past forty-seven years in which I have been concerned with them.

The first of these four books is a good example of lack of intelligent understanding. Fischer is stating hard truth. He shares the good and the bad characteristics of our excellent American news reporters. If he stuck to reporting, he would be better than good; but he lacks history and so slides off the beam.

Hoyland, an Englishman, does much better. He is historically conscious. He *understands* his facts. Consequently he reasons his conclusions.

Kavalam Madavá Panikkar was Foreign Minister and Political Minister of Bikaner and a First at Christ Church, Oxford, in modern history. He has, therefore, this Asia which so many of us observe but do not understand, and he has also this Europe and America which are the causes of the explosion of Asia and Africa—the majority of the population of the world.

Post Wheeler, one of my own contemporaries in diplomacy, had the good sense to use his training in authorship and journalism.

All four are solidly agreed on the obsolescence of the British Empire as it stands; that empire, not necessarily an evil in itself—in spite of Fischer—has become a world danger; that colonialism, in the Colbertian sense, is equally obsolete, equally a danger; that Haushofer's geopolitics is a reality, particularly in its relation to air traffic and airpower . . . to supra-surface geography; that America has become the connecting link between Asia and Europe, between China, India, Russia, the British Commonwealth of Nations; and, finally, that unless England and America handle that situation with greater intelligence than either is now evidencing, not peace and construction, but the next and most vicious stage of world war is in preparation.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

A Pictorial History of the Movies. Deems Taylor, Marceline Peterson and Bryant Hale. S. & S. $3.95.

IN HIS INTRODUCTION, Deems Taylor pleads that we consider the art of the motion picture a little more charitably; for it was only 54 years ago that the first motion picture was put on film, and movies have come a long way since their beginnings. This book, which traces that long way with some 700 pictures consisting mainly of stills from movies, is not really the "history" that its title

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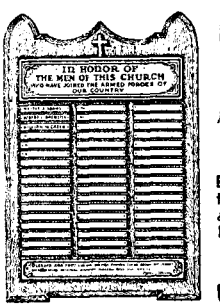

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suggests. Stills are not flexible; they show the actors and sets. But the history of the movies consists of more than actors and sets, of more even than the directors, producers and plots that the authors talk about in the captions that accompany these pictures. Furthermore, the authors were limited somewhat by the stills that are now obtainable; and many of the stills shown are not likely to convince us that the motion picture is an *art*. We are, however, already convinced, but if we were not, it is to the movies themselves and more profound criticisms that we'd go for proof.

But for extra curricular investigation and supplementary reading, this is the book to turn to. Movie critics and fans alike enjoy looking at stills; for them and for anyone even vaguely interested, here is a feast of movie. It costs several times the price of an evening at your local theater, but it will give several times the pleasure. You'll have the fun of recalling and being reminded. And you'll find your old favorites from the Gish sisters, Doug Fairbanks and the early Chaplin to your new favorites like Cooper and Davis and Garson—for the stills range from motion pictures' first steps at the turn of the century to their full-grown strides in "Citizen Kane," "Fantasia" and "Mrs. Miniver." Everyone will have his own preferences and everyone will find plenty of pictures, out of this 700, to his own liking—that is, everyone who is not looking for the *avant garde,* foreign films and the art stuff. But for lively pictures from movies (and for chatty information about them) that promise an entertaining remembrance of things past, this book is your answer.

The Spiritual Conferences. Saint Francis de Sales. Newman. $2.75.

THIS is a reprint of the translation published in England in 1906 under the supervision of the late Cardinal Gasquet and Canon Mackey, O.S.B. Long favorite reading on the interior life, these transcriptions of the conferences are remarkable in that they reflect the instructions of Saint Francis de Sales as understood and recorded by the early Visitation nuns: the words are not actually his, save where a nun with a particularly accurate memory preserved them in her notes, but, by and large, the thoughts are those that he was trying to impress on his newly founded order. Fortunately, the Newman bookshop has already issued in this series Saint Francis's "Treatise on the Love of God," which, like his "Introduction to a Devout Life," contains the Gentle Doctor's teachings uninterpreted, and expressed in his own clear and exquisite manner. This volume is a welcome addition to the series, and will be received gladly by communities of religious. D. H. MOSELEY.

A Manual of Catholic Action. Luigi Civardi. Sheed. $2.75.

A NEW and enlarged edition of Msgr. Civardi's handbook, which has been translated into seven languages from the original Italian. The author carefully defines the term, points to the need for Catholic Action and describes its various relationships. As evidence there are four Pontifical Letters of Pius XI addressed to different countries.

Catholic Evidence Training Outlines. Maisie Ward and F. J. Sheed. Sheed. $2.50.

THE REVISED EDITION of a manual for training outdoor speakers for the Catholic Evidence Guild. An excellent job based on much first hand experience.

The Inner Forum

The Family and the Farm

"RURAL LIFE in a Peaceful World" is the nostalgic title of a pamphlet containing principles and methods adopted at "the wartime meeting" of the Executive Committee and Advisory Board of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference, January 12. This report, which comes from Msgr. Ligutti's headquarters, 3801 Grand Ave., Des Moines, Iowa, is both a reaffirmation of belief in well-rounded rural life as the ideal environment for the Christian family and a series of comments on current conditions.

Here are some of the basic principles: "He who owns land breathes the air of a free man. The cornerstone of freedom is the ownership of productive property." "The welfare of the nation as well as the welfare of the family makes it desirable that the maximum population live on the land. Our immediate objective should be to keep people on the land rather than bring people back to the land. To keep people on the land we must have on the countryside decent living conditions, security, reasonable prosperity, and opportunities for cultural development." Cooperatives, which are this year celebrating their first centenary, provide one of the best instruments for constructive group action in securing credit, buying and marketing. And well-operated cooperatives also provide "great social, educational and moral advantages." Rural life should have a religious motivation.

The Rural Life Conference, at this stage of high commodity prices and comparative prosperity, urges farmers "to free their homes from debt at the earliest possible opportunity, and to keep them free from debt." The report looks upon subsidies only as a temporary measure to prevent inflation, not as a good permanent policy. The general principle of parity is sound. Such factors as discriminatory freight rates must without fail be revised in order to permit all farmers to obtain a just price for their produce, but in general "the farmer wants to stand on his own feet."

"When the war is over, one of the chief tasks of the government will be to provide released service men and released defense workers with an opportunity to settle on the land [full-time and part-time farming]. Plans for this, the Conference insists with all the emphasis at its command, must be made now. . . . The possession of such a superabundance of land places on the people of the United States a moral obligation to provide homes for homeless victims of war" from other lands. The true interest of the farmer lies both with the healthy international trade and the full industrial employment which provide a stable market for his products.

CONTRIBUTORS

Don Luigi STURZO, apart from what he tells of himself in this article, is also the author of many important books, of which the best known is "Church and State."

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